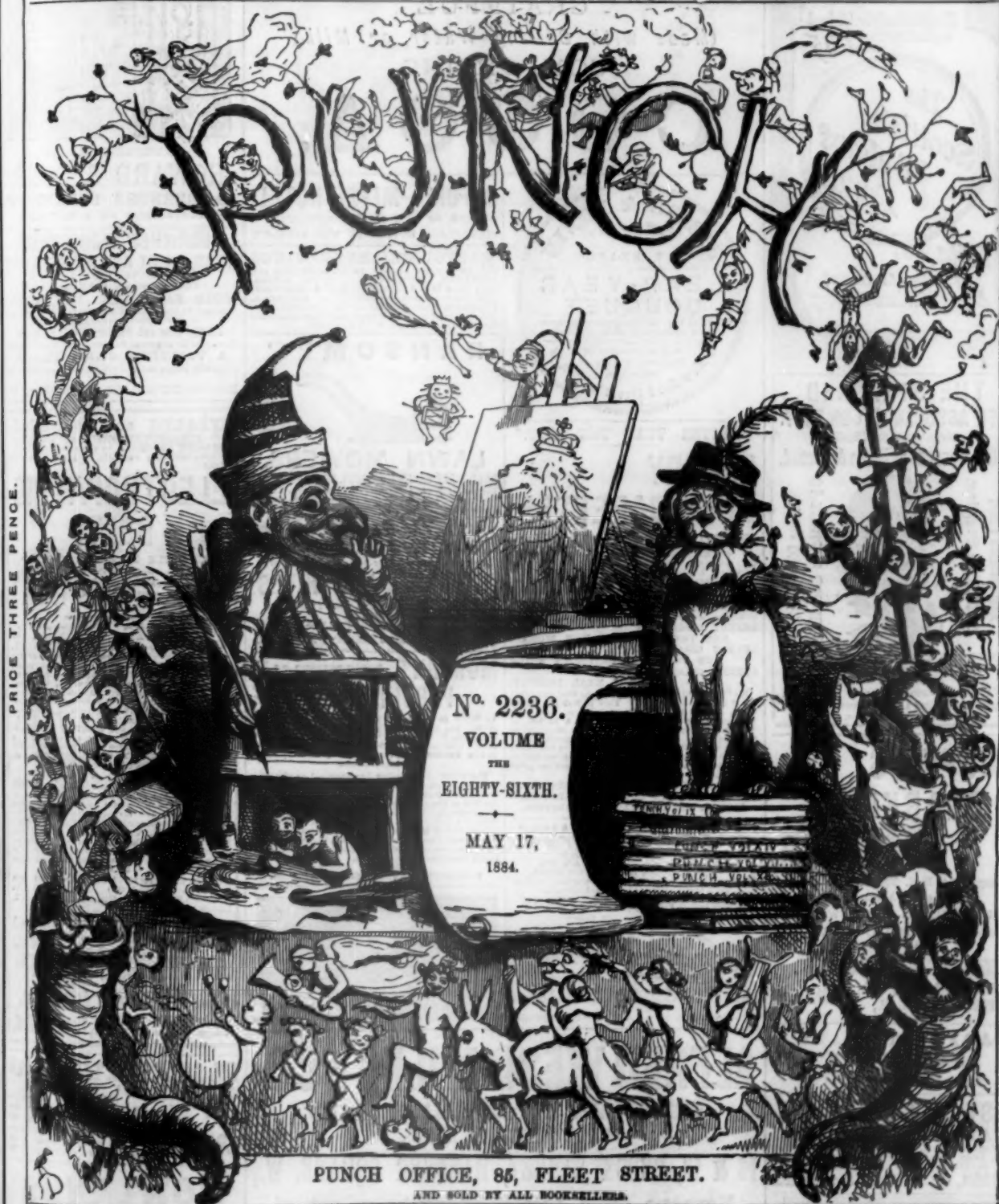


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"SHERRY" AND WATER; OR, A SHADE SEVERE.

(A Legend of the Haymarket.)

"PRAY, Sir, and what may be the painting on the Curtain?"

"That," I replied to the individual in his old-fashioned cloak who sat beside me in the Second Circle, "that is a scene from the *School for Scandal*."

"Upon my word you astonish me. I should know the play well, and yet I fail to recognise it; but when the critics of the Pit are driven into the Gallery, nothing should cause surprise."

At this moment the Curtain rose. We had a Street in Bath. The houses were built of Bath bricks. There was a sound of a horn, and it was evident that it was supposed that the Bath Coach had just arrived. To carry out this idea, some of the passengers were seen to walk off, others were taken home in Bath chairs by Bath chairmen. There was a good deal of bustle on the Stage, but no talking. Then an ostler busied himself with a stable, and an apple-woman tried to sell apples. The other shops, to complete the illusion, should have sold Bath chaps, Bath buns, Bath towels, and so forth. No doubt these were round the corner, off the Stage. A bill-sticker posted up a play-bill. A lamp-lighter carried across the Stage his ladder.

"Why, what's all this?" cried my mysterious companion. "Hang me! but I think they have changed the Comedy into a ballet of action! Nay, I am wrong. Here come *Fag* and *Thomas*. They were played by LEE LEWES and FEARON in 'seventy-five.'"

Then for a few minutes we had the dialogue of the play. My com-

panion round from seat to seat like horses in a circus." When the Curtain fell he was extremely angry.

"Why, how far have we got on?" he asked, indignantly. "The chief objection to the Comedy when it was produced was that it was



PUT IN THE COIN AND THE FIGURES WILL WORK

Street in Bath. The Figures will "Work,"—yes, but not Play.

too long, and yet here we have a mass of unnecessary details, which irritate the mind, and distract the attention. Who wanted, for instance, to see that Negro page bringing in the tea of *Mrs. Malaprop*?

But he was loud in his praises of *Mrs. STIRLING*, and said that she was better than *Mrs. GREEN*, the original representative of the part. This rather surprised me, as although old-fashioned in appearance, my companion seemed to be a man in the prime of life. I could not understand how he had been able to be present at the initial performance of the Comedy more than a hundred years ago, as he declared he had.

"It was damned by the acting of *Mr. LEE* in the character of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. And yet," he added, with a smile, "do you know, I'm certain I liked poor *Mr. LEE* better than I do *Mr. BISHOP*! As a Dublin man I never saw two milder Irishmen in the whole course of my experience."

And then he began complaining of the acting generally, saying that the representative of *Julia* would have been better suited with the rôle of *Lady Macbeth*, "a part admirably adapted to her voice and person," and that "*Simplicity*," the maid, was only a "moderately satisfactory soubrette."

He was not over-pleased with the Scene of the Third Act described in the playbill as "A Room in an Inn." How did such a Scene as that get there, he wanted to know. As *SHAKESPEARE* had placed the Witches on the heath, would anyone be warranted in making their interview take place in a booth at a fair of the period, just,



Messrs. Bancroft and Pinero adulterating some fine old "Sherry."
(After Gilray—some way.)

panion complained bitterly that his attention was distracted by the business of the supers who represented the Bath townspeople.

"Hang that circulating librarian and his books!" he exclaimed. "Can't he shut up his shop and have done with it! But what have we here? Why, as I live, *Sir Lucius* and *Mistress Lucy*! But *Sir Lucius* dressed like that! More like a doctor! No! 'Gad it is *Sir Lucius*! They have misunderstood their cue. We ought to see nothing of them together until the Second Act, and then it should be on the North Parade."

But I explained that while "strictly preserving the text" (I quoted from the play-bill) "it had been found possible, by means of a few transpositions of the dialogue and some variation of the locality, to avoid shifting the scenes in view of the audience." And, I added, "that *Mr. BANCROFT* and *Mr. PINERO* were jointly responsible for this arrangement of the Comedy."

"Hang their impudence!" exclaimed my companion. "Why shouldn't the scenes be changed in the sight of the audience? and as for the transposition of the dialogue, I believe it is only transposed to make the scene long enough for the performance of all that super tomfoolery!" I begged my companion to be more quiet, though, strange to say, his outspoken remarks seemed to attract no sort of attention from the people around us.

When the Act concluded with a procession of a Bath chair headed by a torch-bearing footman, and a serenade sung seemingly by *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* (I think I recognised his voice) behind the scenes, the indignation of my companion knew no bounds, and he declared that "they had begun by making the play into a ballet, and ended by converting it into an opera!"

My strange fellow-playgoer was not too well pleased with the scene of "*Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings*" in the Second Act. He objected that there were too many chairs and sofas, saying that these articles of furniture tempted the Ladies of the Company "to move



The Tea-Room in Bath Assembly-Rooms. "Please not to touch the figures."

forsooth, to illustrate the manners and customs of that time? Certainly not. He wanted to know why *Captain Jack* was having his head powdered, and what authority *Mr. BANCROFT* and *Mr. PINERO* had for sitting *Faulkland* down to breakfast.

"I confess," he said, as the Curtain fell for the third time, "that



THE HONEYMOON.

Wife (after a little "tiff"). "BUT YOU LOVE ME, DEAR"—(sniff)—"STILL?"
 Husband ("Cross old thing!"). "OH LOR', YES, THE STILLER THE BETTER!"

I am as much disappointed with the Gentlemen as with the Ladies. Certainly Mr. BANCROFT is capable as *Faulkland*, and plays remarkably well, but I am sure the Author never intended *Young Absolute* to be a mincing, posturing Macaroni, nor *Bob Acres* to appear as a grimacing, capering, and half-witted country lout.

The next two Acts were passed in "the Tea-room of the New Rooms." Again my companion declared that the Comedy was being changed into a ballet of action. He was not in the least impressed with the supers playing at cards, and the grace of the Master of the Ceremonies.

"It is indeed ridiculous that all these incidents should be jumbled up together in the New Rooms," he observed after we had had the meeting of Miss and her lover, the quarrel-scene with *Faulkland* and *Julia*, and the writing of *Bob Acres'* letter; "and if Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO are indeed responsible for the 'strict preservation of the text,' I wonder they allow gagging by the representatives of *Sir Anthony* and '*Fighting Bob*.'"

I could not but admit that my companion had some reason for his complaint, although, no doubt, the interpolations may have been sanctioned by tradition. His indignation, however, culminated when we got to the last Act, showing King's-Mead-Fields.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "as I live they have cut out one of the best Scenes in the piece!—I mean where *Jack* disowns his own father, calls himself *Mr. Sounderson*, and says that the sword he is taking with him with which to fight his duel, is intended as a bauble for *Lydia*! Oh, I protest it is too bad! But perhaps they know that the Gentleman cast for the part is not sufficiently rollicksome for the situation!"

My friend had become so indignant that I was quite delighted when the Curtain fell for the last time, and we were thus able to leave the theatre.

"I am glad it is over," he said when we had got into the street again. "But it was very trying. What made the success of the piece when it was first produced was its bustle, liveliness, and constant change of scene. As to 'heightening the effect of the Author's play without encumbering its action' (to quote the playbill), that is all nonsense. The constant 'business' of the supernumeraries carried on while the principals are talking, distracts the attention to such a degree that it is quite impossible to follow the dialogue. But there, it is over! I had to suffer this heavy infliction to regain the perfect Elysium, and I have undergone my punishment. But oh, it was hard to bear—very hard to bear!"

"Why, who are you?" I asked, not understanding the latter part of his speech.

The form of my companion gradually faded away, but I heard his voice answering, "RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN!"

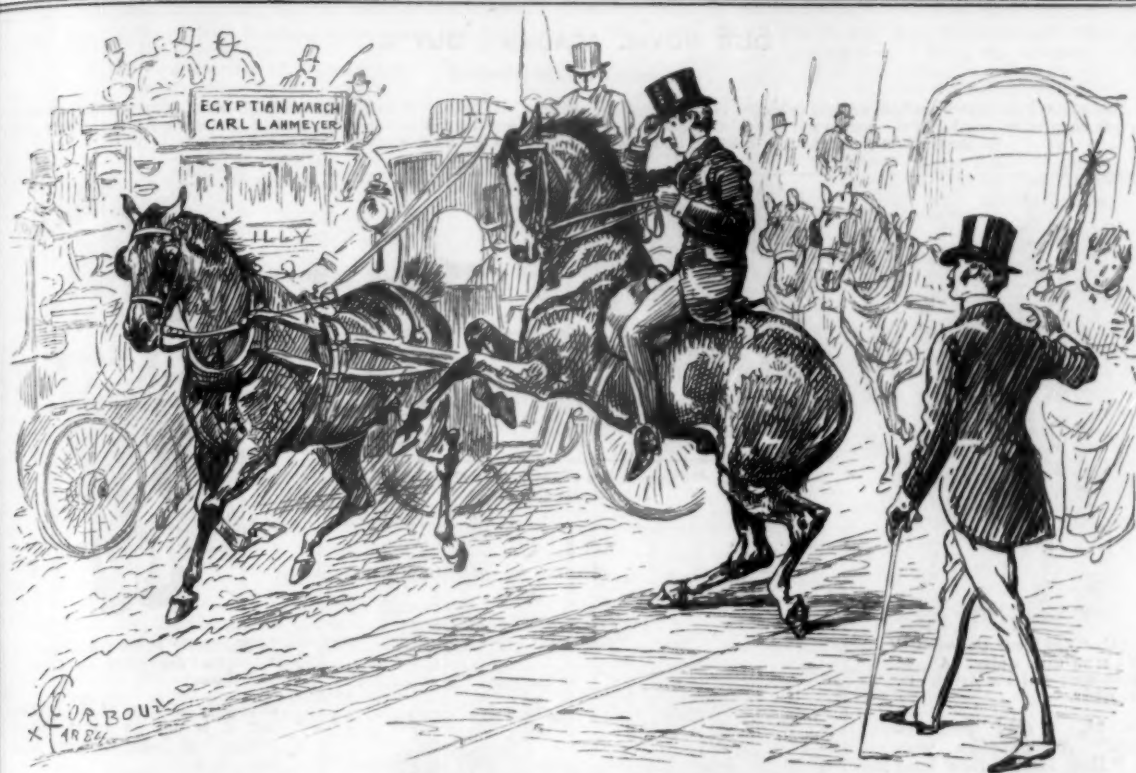
WHO WAS HIS HATTER?

MR. BANCROFT wrote last week to the papers to explain why the Upper-box-dress-circle Pittites and Galleryites hissed on the first night of *The Rivals*. They had been rained on and were shelterless. Mr. BANCROFT explained why he couldn't give them shelter, because, while making the shelter, he had been compelled to pay, as he alleges he was forced to do, £600 for letting a mere iron pole fall on somebody's hat. Yet Mr. BANCROFT makes no allusion to the head beneath the hat in question; and the excellent way in which its owner managed his business share in the transaction certainly looks as if it had received no sort of damage. Why, then, £600 for a hat? Is it possible that the Management of the Haymarket, always bent on doing everything in the best style, and quite royally, contrived to get the matter treated as a crown case reserved. This would have added, no doubt, to the costs. The matter is brimful of interest.

As Clear as Crystal.

THIS is an age of Exhibitions. We have collections of this, that, and t'other everywhere. But perhaps one of the best is at the same time one of the oldest. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham by its form recalls the Palace of Crystal of 1851, the father of all Exhibitions. The family tradition has been preserved. At this moment "Our one sight for foreigners" is filled with an admirable collection of the treasures of the modern world—glass from Austria, furniture from Holland, and pretty things from everywhere. In a word, "The International Exhibition of 1884" is being held at Sydenham, and heartily deserves success. If Londoners have the slightest claim to discrimination and taste, it will attain it.

NIHILISM OF THE WORST NATURE—Doing nothing for GORDON.



IGNORANCE AND NO BLISS.

Friend, "I SEE YOU RIDE UPON THE CURB."

Young Gent (jerkily, in difficulties). "NO—I DON'T. KEEP AS FAR—FROM—PAVEMENT AS—TRAFFIC—PERMITS. WOA! STAND STILL!"

GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

NO. IV.

Topics of Conversation.—If you happen to have been "well educated," or what is accepted generally in society as well educated, that is, brought up at one of the great Public Schools of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, or Harrow, it will be polite on your part to assume that the company generally, in which you may chance to find yourself, have participated in the same educational advantages as yourself, and, therefore, it will be well to introduce as early as possible into the conversation, anecdotes of the particular school that has the honour to claim you as one of its alumni. [N.B.—*Alumni*, *alumnus*, *status pupillari* are good terms, as also are *Alma mater*, *Academic*, and *curriculum*. Avoid the use of such slang as "Varsity," which is quite old-fashioned, and chiefly in vogue with non-University men, who wish it to be thought that they were "up" at either Oxford or Cambridge.]

Stories of your "Old School."—Let all these stories depend for their point and humour on an intimate acquaintance with the school-boy-slang of your time, and on a thorough knowledge of the persons and places which you are compelled to mention, and with which you, of course, will be perfectly familiar. Should you find among the company only one who has been to your school (before or after you, it doesn't matter), address all your conversation directly to him, and let it be all about BROWN Major, or THOMPSON Minor, or SMITH Minimus; recount how, when JONES was Captain of the Boats, or BROWN Captain of Oppidians, or when one of the Masters known as "Old Ginger" took the Upper Fifth during the illness of STUBBS, how GRIFFIN Minimus was swished when SNIFFIN Major was the real culprit, and much other equally charming and generally entertaining matter, from which your companions, if they cannot join in it, may at least derive much pleasure and considerable profit.

Anecdotes and Impromptus.—Keep a commonplace-book by you. The more commonplace it is the better. Do not wait to enter therein only witty things, *bons mots*, *jeux-de-mots*, *caramboles*, humorous stories, and so forth, or you will be a long time making even a small

collection, but put down *everything* you can remember when you come home at night. For this purpose carry a small note-book for quietly making *mems* whenever the opportunity offers; good wristbands will do, only mind that your *mems* do not result in hieroglyphics which, two hours afterwards, you yourself will find to be hopelessly unintelligible, so that you will be puzzling yourself just before going to bed, and perhaps disturbing your rest in racking your memory to know what on earth you meant by these marks on your wristband, or jerky syllables in your jotting-book.

Preparation.—While dressing, whether to go out to dinner or not, make a rule of always learning one or more of these stories in your commonplace-book, and, *invariably*, one good repartee. Conversation, mind, is an art; with a partner, as at whist, you can get on brilliantly. But without one, you must, as it were, "take dummy," and play into your own hand. If you learn one story and one repartee by heart per night, at the end of one year you will have acquired a stock of three hundred and sixty-five stories, and the same number of repartees. At first, when you have only one good story and one good repartee, wait your two opportunities, say them at the right moment, and immediately afterwards go. Let nothing induce you to stop, or your reputation will be ruined. Go! fly! and then everyone will be wishing you had remained, and will be longing to meet you again. But—*Avoid that same company for some time, and don't accept that host's invitation until you have mastered five good stories, and five repartees.* When you have two good stories and two repartees, observe the same rule. *Never outstay your welcome jest.* To this rule there is absolutely no exception.

Never go to two parties in the same week when there is a probability of meeting the same people over again: but you may occasionally accept two invitations to the same house in the same week (when there is a four days' interval, which to you means four new stories, and four additional repartees), since you may be pretty sure of not having the same audience on both occasions. Recollect,—absence makes the heart grow fonder. Play yourself well, and turn yourself up as the right trump in the right place at the right time. When unable to dine out, practise your stories and repartees, if you are married, on your wife and family at home. Should you happen to be a bachelor, don't stay in *chez vous*, but go and keep your hand in at your Club.

OUR ROYAL ACADEMY GUY'D.

(Continued from Last Number.)

. The pictures are here described without reference to the "Official Catalogue," to which we only refer when in doubt as to the Artist's name. As a rule, we give the number of the picture and its evident meaning. If a picture does not tell its own story, so much the worse for the picture. Our illustrations are intended to assist the Public, and to indicate to the Artist what he ought to have meant.



No. 263. "Now then! Up you go!" No mere child's play. A good Hick-sample of the Artist. G. E. Hicks.

No. 28. "Girl with Old Pump." As Claudian would say, "How Long! How Long! How— EDWIN LONG, R.A."

No. 278. "Simple Cymon astonished at the First View of a Dress-Improver." Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. *.* For further particulars, see Pamphlet.

No. 346. "Sea-Men for Sea-Horses." The Artist has been inspired by his own sea-muse, and no reference to Catalogue is necessary to ascertain that this is the work of J. C. HOOK, R.A.

No. 354. "In the Highlands: Whisky and Risky." "Can't I get any further?" he murmured to himself, as he leant against a pillar. Painted with all the Artist's force. REID'S ENTIRE. GEORGE REID.

No. 372. "Does the Ghost walk? or, Treasury Morning at the Lyceum Theatre." Mr. HENRY IRVING taken at the moment of his putting his hand in his pocket to defray the salary list. It is



No. 410. "Three Shies a Penny! Missed Again!" John Pettie, R.A.



Nos. 448 and 449. The Hangers have put the numbers in wrong order; that is, if the pictures tell their own story. We have replaced them. 449 is first. They meet; the old style—of embrace. (448). They part!—"Somebody's coming!" Isn't this what you meant, eh, Mr. Marcus Stone? or, in Academical language, Marcus Stone, A.?



No. 354. "In the Highlands." (See description in Catalogue.)

evidently the form of Mr. IRVING, but it is not up to the usual "form" of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

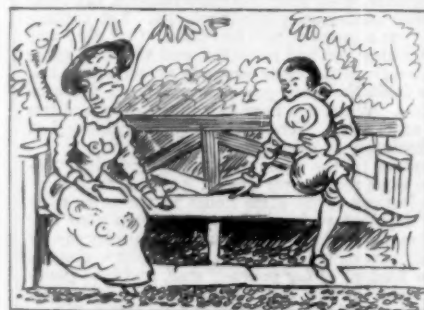
No. 395. "The Three Old Maids of Sea." JOHN BRETT, A.

No. 433. "A Spark—going out." Do you remember, a few years ago, the effective Picture of a young Lady playing an organ to her young man? Yes. Well, this is the very natural result. Here's the young Lady not a day older, and here's her young man just the same age as he was then. But this is not the way to point a moral, however much the tale may be adorned by FRANK DICKSEE, A.

No. 543. "A Shady Couple." MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

No. 597. "Kate Fawn, or a little Stag and Mantle. S. E. WALLER.

No. 647. "After the Hop-era's Over." JOSEPH FARQUHARSON.



No. 35. (Described in last week's Catalogue. But his Storey repeats itself):—"I'll eat my hat if I don't catch one of her eyes." G. A. Storey, A.



No. 351. Naughty Child frightened by Bogie. F. G. Cotman.



No. 4. (1) Irritable Frenchman waiting for Shoeblack, who is (2) Otherwise engaged. Walter C. Hornley.

been in the French Salon, and engraved, hasn't it? If so, why | No. 851. "The First of April before Noon." *Elderly Gentleman*

here? JAN VAN BEERS.

No. 698. "Regardless of Rheumatics next Morning." If remonstrated with, they would only have mentioned the name of the Artist, which is (F. S.) WALKER!

No. 716. "Rough and Reddy." R. J. GORDON.

No. 746. "The Great Ram in the Time of McAdam." RICHARD ANSDALL, R.A.



No. 650. "Modern Galatea and Statue of Pygmalion." (See description in Catalogue.)



No. 9. "Mrs. Claudian" (companion to the well-known advertisement). George McCulloch.



No. 89. "Catch him alive O!" (See last week's Catalogue. Illustrated in this.)

GEMS OF THE FIRST WATER FROM THE PICCADILLY WATER-WORKS.

No. 332. *Monaco*. By ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I. Two figures, a Lady and Gentleman, on the terrace behind the Casino—perhaps represents *Trente et Quarante* (she's *Trente*, of course)—consulting whether they can raise enough between them to go back and gamble. What are the odds in their favour? Evidently, Severn to two.

No. 399. In "A Youth in the Flames of First Love," HENRY J. STOCK, R.I., has illustrated the poetry of BURNS. "This way lies madness."

No. 485. By C. W. WYLLIE, who calls it "Down with the Ebb!" This sounds revolutionary. On close examination the picture will be found not to bear this construction.

No. 571. By Miss EDITH MARTINEAU. *The Repartee*. A classic and cheerful young Lady

seated on a cushion; another on a chair. The latter with a Lyre by her side:—*First Classic Maiden* (candidly). Quite right to put it down. You can't play the Lyre a bit. *Second Classic Maiden*. No, —but you can.

No. 610. By GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.I. "For Men must work, and (some) Women must talk." Observe the Talking Woman. She's giving it 'em. "Hoe, indeed!" says she.

No. 806. By JOHN CHARLTON. Hunting man talking with a pretty girl. The Artist calls it "A Few Minutes to Spare." Wrong; it is evidently "The Meet."

No. 823. By Mrs. STILLMAN. Sudden faintness. Lady lifting a curtain and coming out, but not coming out strong.

No. 957. By JAMES HARDY, R.I. "What's your Little Game?"



Adoration of Hang-low Saxon Art at the Piccadilly Water-Works.

UNHAPPY THOUGHTS.

(For Nervous Equestrians in London.)

At Starting.—The saddle doesn't seem to be quite tightly on. Dare say it is. If saddle slips round, where should I be? Sounds like a riddle. Wish the horse wouldn't look about him so much. Which is the most slippery—the Macadam, the stones, the asphalt, or the wood? If he tumbles down, which way shall I tumble? Remember ASHETON SMITH attributes his good hunting-seat to his having always ridden in London with his feet out of the stirrups. Should like to try it, if horse could be relied on not to take advantage of the opportunity.

The Street.—Hope that baker won't slam the lid of his hand-cart. Where's that beastly bicycle coming? ("Gently—gently then—gent-ly!") Wish bicycles wouldn't come up silently behind, and then pass with a rush. Don't wonder at a horse being frightened. I am. Dogs ought to be always led with a string: at least, when I'm out riding. Confound—I believe Hansom cabs drive at such *where* they go.

Queries.—Why isn't tan laid down all round Regent's Park? Why aren't there roads for Equestrians in Kensington Gardens under the beautifully shady trees as there are in the Bois? And another Gate to the Park through Kensington Gardens out on to Bayswater side. What a ride it would be then!

In a Square.—Why will butchers drive at such a pace, and come round the Square just shaving the pavement! Here! Hi! What's that German band going to do?

Rotten Row.—Equestrians are very selfish. They're bad-mannered, too: or ignorant—or both. Why are these two Ladies coming towards me on their wrong side? Who's to give way? Why should I if I'm

in the right? Then on that narrow bit of soft stuff round the Park, intended for Equestrians, why will they—Ladies especially—persist in riding on the wrong side? *Rule*. If you're going slow and they're coming fast, give way to Ladies, scowl at their cavalier, but don't yield an inch to groom. If you're cantering on your right side and they're going slowly on their wrong side, you keep on your way and don't budge an inch. *Consideration*. If we collide, who's to prove I was in the right? *Rule*. Only do it when you are quite in the right, and a Policeman is watching.

In the Street.—Why can't the Life Guards go from Fulham to Knightsbridge without a band playing? They must know that some horses are nervous: I mean that *mine* is. If band is necessary, why brass instruments and drums? Why not only fiddles and flutes? Much prettier and far more appropriate in piping times of peace. Rattling carts ought not to be allowed. Wish that organman would stop. He doesn't understand me. What's Italian for stop? He only grins, and touches his cap. Washerwomen's carts that jingle as if they were coming to pieces ought not to follow you at a slow jog-trot. Most irritating. Hansom cabdrivers, who are generally credited with something of a horsey character, ought to know better than to drive rapidly within two inches of your knee.

By Cumberland Gate.—Won't that bus-driver see that I'm holding up my hand for him to stop? Is that cart coming right into my horse's tail? Why don't the Police—Ah!—safe at last!

On Railway Bridge and near Underground Railways.—Wish they wouldn't practise signalling with flags in Hyde Park. Why isn't there some invention for rendering trains noiseless and smokeless?

Why aren't the London streets generally broader, with a good tan-road *everywhere* for Equestrians?



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Grandpapa. "WHAT! BOB IN LOVE WITH MISS FONTALBA, THE COMIC ACTRESS AT THE PARTHENON!"

Bob (sitting up). "YES, GRANDPA! AND IF YOU'VE GOT A WORD TO SAY AGAINST THAT LADY, IT HAD BETTER NOT BE SAID IN MY PRESENCE, THAT'S ALL!"

Grandpapa. "I SAY A WORD AGAINST HER! WHY, BLESS YOUR HEART, MY DEAR BOY! I WAS HEAD OVER EARS IN LOVE WITH HER MYSELF—WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE!"

"A HEALTH TO SOUTH KENSINGTON!"

(Being some Rough Notes from the Music of the Opening Ceremony.)

BRAVO, *bravissimo*! Quite the best thing in Exhibitions that has yet been seen. Bravo, the Executive Committee! *Bravissimo*, H.R.H. the Prince of WALES and Mr. SOMERS VINE! The Vine that has so greatly flourished during the last two years—a wag would add, quite what might be expected of a good Vine connected with equally good Somers. But to business—for this is trifling.

To commence then: It was a happy thought of the "Authorities" to usher in the Show with an "Exhibition," kindly supplied by those taking part in the inaugural ceremony, the more especially as the chief actors in that ceremony "entered into the spirit of the thing" with the utmost heartiness.

The season-ticket holders and the specially invited guests were there in their hundreds and thousands. Apparently marshalled into their places by more than half the entire police force of the Metropolis, were all sorts and conditions of men, from the humble and liveried waiter for copy for the evening papers (who accommodated himself with a seat seemingly intended for the Editor of the *Times*) up to Dukes, Marquises, and the great little Sir JOHN BENNETT himself. For a good two hours (the impatient gave the period of time a harsher title) the assembled throng waited for the approaching procession. Occasionally strains of distant music were heard, and it afforded some amusement to those who watched to guess at the tunes to which those strains belonged. It was triumphantly discovered that this bar belonged to "The Lost Chord," and that to the "Turkish Patrol." Then "God Save the Queen!" was played, and some Ladies entered, and took their places on the platform. For a moment, as one of the new-comers was elderly, it was imagined that "the Duke" had arrived; but the rumour was quickly discredited, as it was confidently expected by all present that His Royal Highness would certainly be clothed in his military scarlet, out of compliment to the grand old waxwork figures in the Western Gallery so

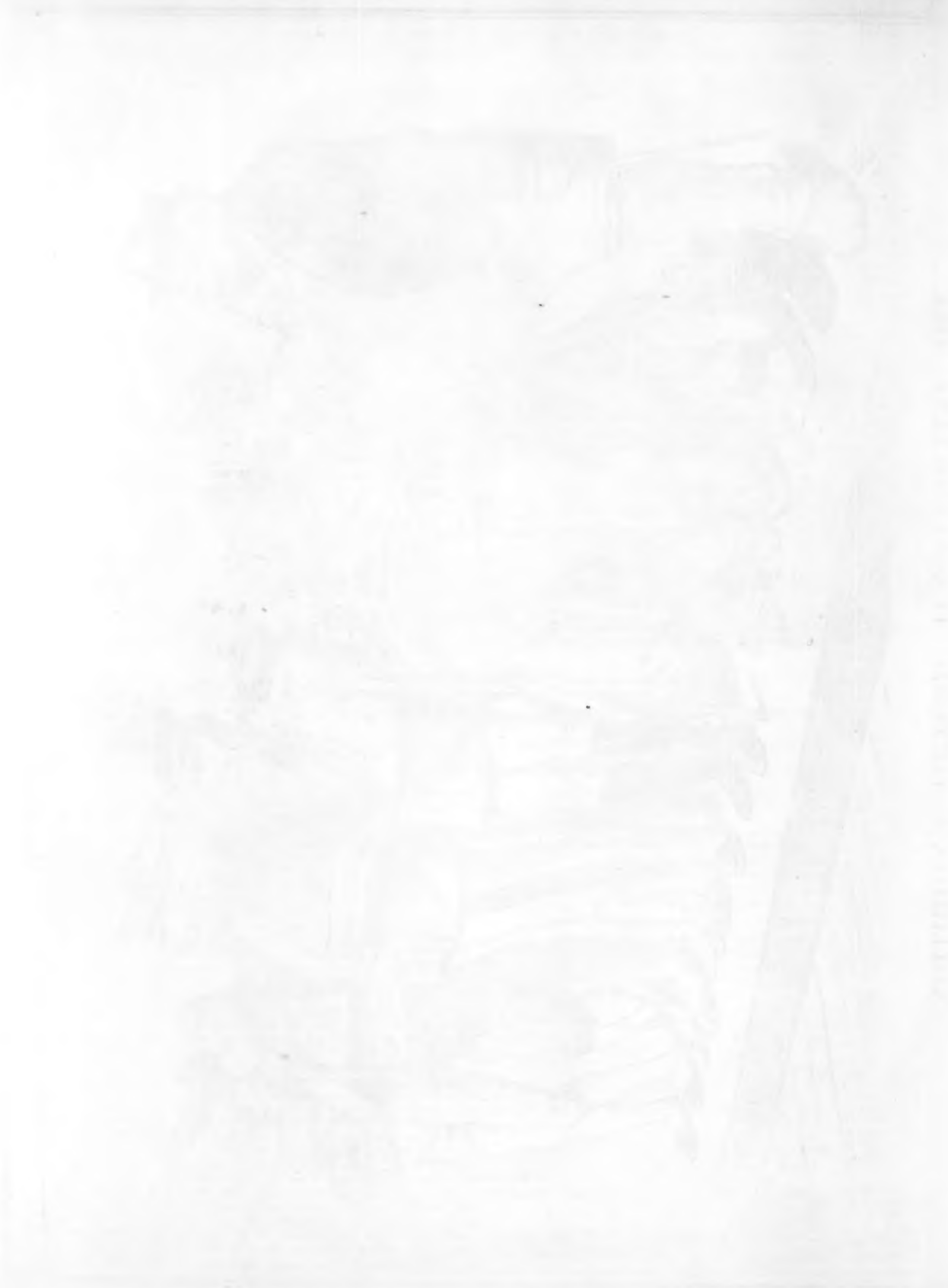
nobly standing, ready to create merriment, in the long-discarded uniforms of the British Army of the olden time, and having evidently so much to do with health—uniform health, of course. But the ancient dame was identified with a Grand Duchess with an unpronounceable name, and the excitement subsided. A few minutes later the distant band again played the National Anthem, and the *dais* was shortly afterwards occupied by the volunteer exhibitors to whom allusion has already been made. As the collection was unique, to render it historical the following details are subjoined:—

Name of Exhibitor.	Nature of Exhibit.
H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.	"Frock-coat suit" (as advertised), bold fancy-bordered handkerchief, and Ribbon of the Garter.
The LORD MAYOR of London	White necktie, fancy tweed trousers, scarlet dressing-gown (superior quality) trimmed with fur, and some massive gold cables.
The Sheriffs.	Evening-dress and scarlet dressing-gown (superior quality), and smaller gold cables.
The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.	Quaint old hat (maker's address, "Greenwich,"—no doubt a relic of some bygone Parliamentary election), rather valuable family umbrella, and collars.
MUSURUS PASHA.	Sad expression, well-worn fez, and "The Maaher's Overcoat" (as advertised).
The Rt. Hon. Sir W. HARCOURT.	A very interesting pair of boots.
The Duke of BUCKINGHAM.	National costume—the English undertaker.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—May 17, 1884.



THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



Perhaps the most remarkable personages in the above group were the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs, who looked in their scarlet robes (all the rest of the company wore morning dress) as if they had been vainly attempting to obtain permission to stand as figures in a Chamber of Horrors. They created so much merriment that Sir ROBERT WALTER CARDEN, who was seated immediately beneath them, at once assumed, with his fine feeling of camaraderie, a quaint old hat and a white woollen shawl worn across the shoulders to cause a diversion in their favour. The clever *ruse* was most successful, and the venerable and kind-hearted Alderman immediately shared with his colleagues the popular ridicule.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM now read a long Address, composed principally of advertisements and words commencing with the eighth letter of the Alphabet, which his Grace took much trouble to properly aspirate. It is only just to observe that this trouble was nearly invariably rewarded with success. Having finished rather abruptly, he startled the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (who had been going quietly to sleep) into a response. The illustrious Field-Marshal leisurely produced some sheets of foolscap, and commenced reading with apparent difficulty a reply. He was immediately hailed with a distant howl of "Speak up!" to which request he accorded, by practical assent, a more or less gracious reply. His Royal Highness stumbled now and then over the sentences, and on one occasion came to an absolute full stop while he peered, with an expression of "Hang it all! what on earth is this word?" at the mysterious hieroglyphics inscribed on the paper before him. Where at this supreme moment was Mr. SOMERS VINE, or at all events the Superintendent of the Literary Department? However, all difficulties were at length surmounted, and, with a hearty declaration "that the Exhibition was open," the ceremony concluded. Then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM seemingly pointed out to His Royal Highness the beauties of two employees of some Photographic Company grouped over a doorway, and the immense throng was once more (like the machinery) in motion. Two hours later the general Public were admitted, and inspection of the other exhibits became impossible. *Ad revoir!*

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

DEAR GEE-CEE—I MEAN G. G., GEORGE GROSSMITH,

You can't get away from the Savoy—but you could if you would, as you are off the Stage for about an hour, and have only to put on an ulster, and cross the road, to "come as you are" to the Globe Theatre—and so I write to tell you about *Dick*, which has been out for some time. It is a New and Original Comic Opera, at least so say Messrs. MURRAY and JAKOBOWSKI (isn't that a bootiful name?), its Author and Composer respectively, and I am bound to believe them. So are you. The advertisements announce it as a big success. I want to see *Dick* just to oblige you. How do I like it? Well—how would you like it, if you had seen it? First, you would be immensely pleased with the title *Dick*, as the hero is *Dick Whittington*. You would be charmed with Miss CAMILLE DUBOIS as *Dick*, who is a sort of Prince out of a Gaiety Extravaganza, "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles" to make up for any want of strength in vocalisation; though what Miss DUBOIS has to sing she does very nicely, and would do still better, you would say, without this straining after a "chic" style, which results in being more *chic-a-leery* than *chic*.

But what would strike you as novel is the action, and the stage-business of the characters in every chorus. For instance, the girls in the Girls' School are always bobbing, or nodding, or curtsying to one another during the choruses and symphonies. You've never seen this sort of thing at the Savoy or at the Opéra Comique, have you? They wouldn't do that sort of thing there, would they? Then there's a Chorus of Aldermen in their robes. You've never seen anything like that, have you? Not Peers, but Aldermen. What a chance Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN would have, if W. S. GILBERT would only introduce this style of thing now and then, eh?

You would throw bouquets to Mr. SHINE, who is really capital as the Alderman Fitzwarren. When he enters, he comes forward and sings a song, telling the audience how he came to be an Alderman! Ah, my dear GEORGE, isn't this what you would like to do? A proud and happy man would W. S. GILBERT be now, had it only struck him to bring you on, in any one of his pieces, as a celebrity with a comic song, telling them how you had risen to that position! What chances Sir ARTHUR would have had if W. S. G. had only given you one such song as this, telling them how you became a First Lord of the Admiralty, or a Chancellor, or a Judge, as the case might be! But it's no use regretting.

You would have interrupted the Comic Opera for at least two minutes to applaud Mr. CHARLES LYALL as a sort of Pirate, in which character he sings a song with chorus of his followers, also a sort of Pirates, all doing mysterious press-gang action. Isn't this a novelty, eh? Oh, you'd pick up a lot of hints here! You would really enjoy *Dick's* song, the School-girls' Chorus, and Miss ETHEL PIERSON's effective rendering of *Alice's* song. Should you occasionally show an

inclination to nod your approbation of the dialogue, I should have

the pleasure of waking you to notice the business of the *finale*, which I have not seen so effectively done since it was tried in a silly Operatic Burlesque, called *The Fresh Waterman*, at the Opéra Comique.

This brings down the Curtain to a hearty *encore*, well-merited by the spirited action of the entire company, led by Mr. SHINE, though I'm afraid you would have had to "cut it" long before this *finale* in order to return in time for your arduous duties as *Prince Poppet*, or whatever it is you are appearing as, at the Savoy; the CARTE would be waiting at the door to take you back again,—and the sooner *Dick's* Author and Composer "cut it" too the better for this First Act. The shorter the Acts the longer the run. This is worth noting.

With the Second Act, whatever your opinion might be on seeing it, I was much pleased. It doesn't drag, it goes briskly, the music, if commonplace (except the cigarette song and chorus, which is very effective and original in every way) is pleasing, and the three Dervishes are amusing, with their dance and gymnastics. You



Kicking up a Shine.



Cigaretto per esser felice.

never saw *Patience*, I suppose? No; well, then, you do not know that in that eccentric Opera three young men (who were they? I forget) became *Æsthetes*, sang a trio, and danced the symphony. It was very good; but oh, if they had only had the advantage of having studied this trio of Dancing Dervishes before they did theirs! Then they would have seen how each one could have sung his verse in the centre and danced to the side, and how the man at the side could dance into the centre to sing his verse, and so on. What a trio that one in *Patience* might have been, had SULLIVAN and GILBERT and their three young men, whose names I cannot remember, only seen the "business" of this trio in *Dick*!

Miss GLADYS HOMFREYS is a magnificent Princess (you haven't got such an aristocratic name at the Savoy as GLADYS HOMFREYS); and if Signor VERDI had only witnessed the performance of the little black boys with drum and dance before he wrote *Aida*, he might have made his ten little nigger boys so much better.

You must put on a cloak, you can easily cover over your *Prince Poppet* or *Fairy Brilliantina's* dress (whatever it is),—and run round to see *Dick*. It will freshen you up,—although I know you will say that "the Globe Managers haven't taken the Shine out of your Company." So like you. Bless you. Yours ever. NIBBS.

P.S.—By the way, during the couple of hours you have to spare at night just go and see the Empire. *C'est magnifique*,—but I fancy you won't consider it a very amusing entertainment,—not a "side-splitting" as Germans (under certain circumstances) would say. I am told they give M. PAULUS ninety pounds a week for his two or three French songs, and I am also informed that he gets more than this in Paris. If so, why doesn't he stay in Paris? However,—though of course you receive three times as much for singing only half a song, yet if the Empire doesn't do an enormous business, *Petrus*, whoever he may be, will have to suffer in order to pay *Paulus*. Yours again, N.



THE CELEBRATED SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(As recently played by those Eminent Comedians, Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury.)

Cassius. "DO YOU CONFESS SO MUCH? GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

[And they were "only pretending," after all!

BONNET-BUILDING.—The versatile and amusing "MADGE" in *Truth* thus describes the new "Artichoke Bonnet":—

"The whole of the crown is covered with leaves made of moss-coloured silk, exactly like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, and overlapping each other in the same way. . . . Frills of dark moss-coloured velvet cover the brim, and a bunch of buttercups and "what's-a-o'clocks" form the trimming. The strings are of moss-green terry."

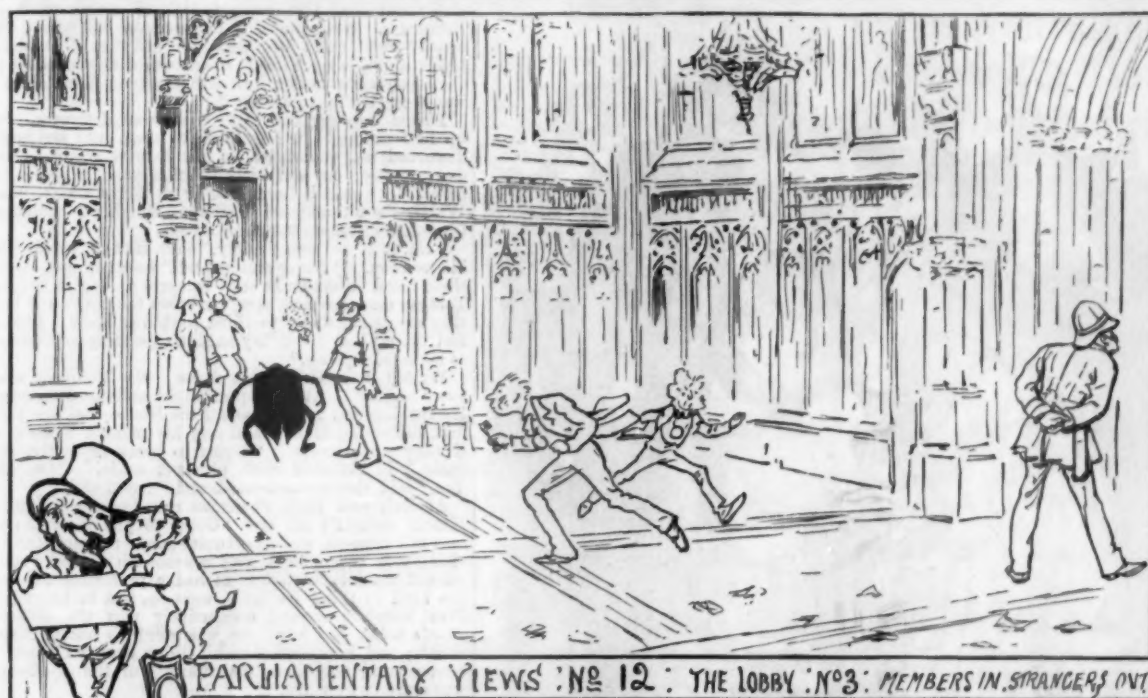
The latter, of course, by kind permission of Mr. EDWARD TERRY of the Gaiety Theatre. (Song, "*Farewell, my Moss-green Terry!*") We saw several of these bonnets in fashionable circles, or rather encircling fashionable heads, the other day, therefore we can assure our fair readers that the above description is not merely a flight of "imagination," but a literal fact. This novel head-dress is now called the "Hearty Joke Bonnet," but it is only the clever Bonneteer—if she gets her bill paid—knows where the laugh comes in.

A CLOSE TIME FOR WHISKEY.—In reply to a deputation from Midlothian, the other day, Mr. GLADSTONE said—

"In Scotland the people had long enjoyed the benefits of Sunday closing, and as soon as possible, without doubt or hesitation, the Government would press forward into law the Irish Sunday Closing Bill."

It would be interesting to know whether the severe Sabbatarianism of Scotland has been conducive to sobriety, and if the "whuskey" consumed on that day is less than any other. Possibly these statistics would be difficult to arrive at.

So Mr. BROADHURST's Resolution for the legalisation of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister was carried by a majority of 238 to 127! This is an example of what the House of Commons can do if it likes to exercise its Commons' Sense. Those who are against the Measure argue as if Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister were to be made compulsory! We beg to inform the Lords that this is not so.



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 5.—“So you see, TOBY,” said Sir STAFFORD, “we’ve got rid of RANDOLPH at last. Always sure crisis would come. Often when he’s been standing at the corner there, jibing at me, felt my blood boil. Longed to be at him; all Cross and SMITH could do to keep me down in seat. Glad now to reflect that I preserved command over myself.”

“Yes,” said W. H. SMITH, rubbing his hands nervously, “always felt we took the right course. ‘Give him rope enough’ ever my maxim.”

“Quite true,” adds Grand Cross, pleasantly polishing his spectacles, “though must say that once or twice, looking in after dinner and finding him on his legs, ‘viewing both Front Benches with strict impartiality,’ as he impudently said, I felt inclined to go for him. Could have settled him in single round when my blood was up. But as NORTHCOTE says, best as it is. Might have given me personally a lift, but everything for the Party, say I; no washing of dirty linen on floor of House.”

“I suppose he really is knocked over for good?” I asked.

“Oh, dear me, yes,” says Sir STAFFORD, uneasily glancing over his shoulder and thrusting arms up sleeve.

“Oh dear me, yes,” echoed Cross and SMITH.

Just then RANDOLPH lounged in communing with moustache. Extraordinary effect upon victorious party. Sir S. NORTHCOTE suddenly grew limp, and brow clouded with look of agonised apprehension. W. H. SMITH, strange pallor stealing over ruddy countenance, looked straight over at opposite wall as if he saw a cockroach crawling up it. Grand Cross abruptly absorbed in study of Orders.

“It’s all very well for them to talk, you know, TOBY,” Sir STAFFORD tremulously whispered; “but he’s a terrible fellow, and though of course we’ve got him down now, nobody knows what might happen. He might instruct GOSSET to impeach us; or he might order WOLFF to take me up on his back and carry me clean out of the House. Nice sight that would be—me astride WOLFF’s back, and both of us with our spectacles on! Wish he’d go away somewhere, and leave us in peace.”

Business done.—Army Votes in Supply. JOSEPH GILLIS spent very pleasant evening bullying HARTINGTON, and insisting upon replies. Delightful to watch HARTINGTON with hands in pocket on Treasury Bench whilst J. G., with thumb in armhole of waistcoat, judiciously cross-examined him. Give a plateful of chicken bones to have had at that moment HARTINGTON’s opinion of JOSEPH B.

Tuesday.—At last in Committee on Franchise Bill. First Clause,

setting forth title of proposed Act, passed without debate or division. “And they call us Obstructives!” said CHAPLIN. Made up for it in Committee. Moved Amendments on every word as far as we’ve got. CHARLES M’LAUREN, who has got some useful returns lately, going to move for one showing when Debate will close, supposing there is an Amendment on every word and two Amendments per sitting are disposed of.

“Oh, we’ll have it in plenty of time,” he said, when suggestion offered that Bill would be through before Return printed. “Believe printers have, in consequence of remonstrance, put on another boy; if pressed, could manage short Return like that before end of July.”

CAVENDISH BENTINCK, in his ingenuous way, lets cat out of bag. Grand Cross and the rest gravely protest passionate desire to see Bill passed. Only want a few Amendments.

“Don’t know what Gentlemen here want,” says CAVENDISH.

“What I want is to see the Bill thrown out.”

CAVENDISH seized by coat-tails, and, after violent struggle, pulled back into seat. “Wash matter?” he gasped, giving an extra rumple to his hair. “Haven’t said anything, have I?”

“What with Sir PEEL and TONY LUMPKIN on the Front Bench,” sighed Sir STAFFORD, “and RANDOLPH below the Gangway, the life of Leader of Conservative Opposition not altogether free from anxiety.”

At Evening Sitting, Deceased Wife’s Sister Question on again. BROADHURST’s Motion, declaring relief urgent, carried by rattling majority. Speech of the evening, Pat O’BRIEN’s; characteristically delivered in the morning. BERESFORD HOPE solemnly sawing the air at table, talking stale nonsense; nobody listening; House impatient for Division. Sir PAT quells the turmoil with wave of hand, and proceeds to make “political recantation.” “The first in my life,” he adds, in tone of deep emotion, as if lateness in beginning rather to be regretted. “The religion of which I have the honour of being a humble member,” Sir PAT says, with a gracious wave of his hand. Speech full of historic quotations, personal reminiscences, and topographical references to “the large manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where mills prevail, and masses congregate.” Sir PAT sat down after ten minutes’ oration. No one quite sure from which side he had “recanted,” but quite clear that HENRY THE EIGHTH is at the bottom of opposition to reform of existing Marriage Laws.

Business done.—Resolution against prohibition of Marriage with Deceased Wife’s Sister carried by 238 Votes against 127.

Wednesday.—“Got a time-table in your pocket, TOBY?” said RANDOLPH; “or do you happen to know what time the train starts for Tusculum?”

“What, are you off?”

“Yes; I’m sick of this little game, and mean to leave them to it for a bit.”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"OH, HOW D'YE DO, SIR BEVIN? AND SO YOU'RE LEAVING ENGLAND FOR GOOD, AND WE SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!"

"NOTHING OF THE KIND! WHO SAYS SO?"

"OH, I SAW IT IN ONE OF THE PAPERS. BUT THE PAPERS DON'T ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"

"Going as TARQUIN went, or as CICERO? Is it preparation for war, or leisuired peace?"

"It's just weariness. I'm bored to death with the acrimony of SALISBURY, the feebleness of NORTHGOTE, the flabbiness of the Front Bench, and all the miserable little scheming of ambitious mediocrity. I like a game of politics; but let us play up out in the open; say what we mean, and do what we say. This manœuvring and secret letter-writing, this communication of confidential correspondence, and this stabbing in the back all round, sickens me. I'll try Tusculum a bit. Thanks for your kind reference to TARQUIN. I think I'll begin with the other Party. What do you think of my using up my leisure by writing a new Essay, *De Claris Oratoribus*, giving a short account of the eminent orators of the House of Commons, from HICKS-BEACH to ASHMEAD-BARTLETT?"

Sorry to hear RANDOLPH'S going. House won't be the same without him. But he won't be long away. As HARCOURT says, "He's not the first young man who has thought he'd had enough of political life. GLADSTONE retired in '74."

Spent afternoon in discussion of Scotch Liquor Bill. "Tyranny of these fellows makes one's blood boil," says LOVE JONES PARRY. "Here they've Public-houses shut up on Sunday in Scotland, and now want to close them on other days. If they don't mind they'll have Scotland as disturbed as Ireland."

Much ill-feeling occasioned by CAMERON'S bold declaration (after all only a quotation from ORR-EWING) that Dumbarton is the most drunken place in Scotland. "Suppose it's his native place," says RAMSAY, "or he's got some friends there, or he's speculating in property in the town. Mean attempt to play upon Southern ignorance and crack up his own town. I know twenty places that'll drink straight with Dumbarton, and CAMERON will hear from them, too, before the week's out." *Business done.*—Scotch Permissive Bill found not permissible.

Thursday.—Down for prayers to-day. HENRY LENNOX let me in for it. "Look here, TONY," says he, yesterday afternoon; "you know a lot, but you're comparatively a young Member of the House. I'm juvenile myself in appearance. But fact is, between you and me, I've been here some years. Take my advice. If you want a seat to-morrow, you must come down for prayers, and secure it."

Got about that I'm going to deliver speech on Navy Estimates. Shall probably not come on till about Ten or half-past; won't be a seat to be had then if you don't ticket it at Prayer Time. Here, take this and study it. Give you clear notion how Navy's gone down since I was Secretary to Admiralty."

Thrust into my paw paper with rows of figures. Sat up half the night trying to make them out; but howls disturbed neighbourhood, so had to give it up. Came down to-day; got seat without difficulty. "Where's the crowd?" I asked Lord HENRY at Six o'Clock, when W. H. SMITH addressing Seven Members, including Chairman of Committees and myself.

"Oh, it'll be here shortly," said HENRY, turning up his trousers. "Never understand," he continued, "why these demd tailors make one's trousers so long in the leg. Told my man wouldn't have 'em below the ankle, and here they are nearly down to third button of boots. Like to feel the cool air about my ankles, especially when going to make big speech."

Waited on. Things got worse; Six Members worn away to Four. At Half-past Eight collapse imminent. HENRY LENNOX ambling about the House and the Lobbies, delivering slips containing his printed figures, as if they were tracts. "Going to speak presently, you know," he observed with pleasant smile. "Oh, ah! Yes," said Member addressed, and hurried off.

At Half-past Eight Chairman called on Lord HENRY. HENRY wouldn't see him. Going to put the vote; all over in a moment, and opportunity gone. So Lord HENRY, rising and surveying empty benches with ghastly smile (meant to indicate that if he had a preference this was the kind of thing he liked), went on, and in hearing of Five Members showed conclusively why the *Bellerophon's* boiler had burst, or was going to burst; forget which; and how, owing to his (Lord HENRY LENNOX'S) advice being neglected, the gunwale of the *Audacious* was scarcely ever dry.

Business done.—Navy Estimates. Long speaking and short voting.

Friday.—Got two Bills referred to Grand Committee at Morning Sitting. At Evening Sitting, House promptly Counted Out. Fact is, Conservative Opposition a little off their heads; letting things go anyhow. RANDOLPH has graciously permitted himself to be soothed. SALISBURY gives him at once large slice of demand, promises rest by-and-by. Great meeting of Party to-day. RANDOLPH and STAFFORD publicly kissed each other, and so it's all right.

"Till next week or next month," says CHAPLIN, who doesn't like turn things have taken.

ODE TO THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

By One of the "Skied."

RAISE the gallows up on high,
Make them firm and very strong,
Standing up against the sky,
Let the drop be duly long;

Plant them to-day in the heart of the City,
And thereon we'll hang up the Hanging Committee.

I've a picture painted well,
Near the ceiling they've hung me,
Say, how can a fellow sell,
When the patron cannot see?

Raise up the scaffold, then—who would have pity?
And hang up on high all the Hanging Committee.

I've a friend the Critics praise,
Who can doubt that they are right?
Paints far better than R.A.'s,
He's hung nearly out of sight:

And dozens will join me in singing this ditty,
"Go hang up the whole of the Hanging Committee!"

Mr. PUNCH begs to acknowledge the receipt of a box full of the most beautiful Roses from the Nursery Grounds—so they are quite young Roses—of Mr. W. RUMSEY, of Waltham Cross. Mr. Punch has presented them to several young Ladies of his acquaintance, and retained some wherewith to deck his classic brow and to wreath the bowl at his symposium.

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A black and white illustration of a man from the waist up, shown in profile facing right. He has a mustache and is wearing a striped shirt with suspenders. He is holding a dumbbell in his right hand. Above him, the words "ARGOSY BRACES" are written in a large, bold, arched font. On the front of his suspenders, the words "THE ARGOSY BRACE" are printed in a smaller, blocky font.

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FIELD, March 2nd, 1887.

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